

PARTHENOPHIL | * Ly ^ :

SONNET XII.



EXT with th'⁹assaults of thy conceived
 beauty, I restless, on thy favours
 meditate ! And though despairful
 love, sometimes, my suit tie Unto
 these faggots (figures of iny state), Which
 bound with endless line, by leisure wait
 That happy moment of your heart's reply!
 Yet by those lines I hope to find the gate;
 Which, through love's labyrinth, shall guide
 me right. Whiles (unacquainted exercise!) I
 try
 Sweet solitude, I shun my life's
 chief light! And all because I would
 forget thee quite, And (working
 that) methinks, it's such a sin (As I
 take pen and paper for to write)
 Thee to forget; that leaving, I
 begin!

SONNET XIII.



WHEN none of these, my sorrows would
 allege ; I sought to find the means, how I
 might hate thee ! Then hateful Curiousness I
 did in-wedge Within my thoughts, which ever
 did await thee! I framed mine Eyes for an
 unjust controlment; And mine unbridled
 Thoughts (because I dare not Seek to
 compel) did pray them, take enrolment Of
 Nature's fault in her ! and, equal, spare not!
 They searched, and found " her eyes were
 sharp and fiery, A mole upon her forehead
 coloured pale, Her hair disordered, brown,
 and crisped wiry, Her cheeks thin speckled
 with a summer's male." This told, men
 weened it was a pleasing tale Her to
 disgrace, and make my follies fade. And
 please, it did! but her, more gracious made.